

Strange and Terrible News
FROM
I R E L A N D,
O R

A full and true relation of a Maid at
DUBLIN, who being charged
with a thing, solemnly
wished the Diavel might burn
her if she did it.

Whereupon, next night she was found with her Flesh
Burnt off her Arms, and lying by her black like
burnt Leather, yet no visible Fire near her.
And still she continues burning, by a supernatural fire
or Inflammation in the Flesh, lying in *Exchequer Lane*,
a woful spectacle of Amazement to the whole City.

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As it was communicated in a Letter by a sober person
at *Dublin* to his own Son in *London*.

Except ye Repent, ye shall all likewise perish.

Discite Justitiam Mopiti;





Strange and Terrible News
FROM
IRELAND.

HOW Deplorably frequent the abominable practice of Prophan Oaths, filthy Curser, and dreadful Self-Execrations is generally become in our Licentious Age, there is scarce any so happy as to be ignorant; To such a prodigious height of Impiety or practical Atheism are too many grown, that upon the most inconsiderable occasions to maintain their paltry Assertions (which they regard not whether they are true or false) immediately they Challenge the Majesty of Heaven, and with a Hellish Impudence Brave Omnipotency it self, to Damn or Confound 'um, if this be not as they assert. O foolish Dust and Ashes ! Equally blind and presumptuous. Canst thou really in thy heart believe there is any such thing as Infinite, Holy, and Just Majesty, that Created the World, and sustains it by his Providence, and will render to

every Man according to his Works; canst thou (I say) truly believe this, and take his Blessed Name in thy unhallowed mouth without Reverence and a Holy Trembling? Much less wouldst thou Brave his Thunder-boots, or dash with his Fury, who is a Consuming Fire — But because Judgment is not Executed speedily, the Wicked imagine there is safety in their ways, abusing Gods long-sufferance, and that space he in mercy allows them for Repentance, to back them on, and make them more presumptuous in sinning; But know, vile Wretches! That though Heavens Vengeance may slumber, it never sleeps Eternally: The Divine Wrath sometimes proceeds with Leadn Feet, but it hath Iron hands.

Sera venit sed Certa venit vindicta Deorum.

And the longer the Stroke is coming the greater will be the blow. Nor doth Almighty God alwayes defer the punishment of notorious Crimes, but to vindicate his Justice, and demonstrate his Power doth sometimes hasten his Judgments, and make them follow immediately our sins; of this we have several Presidents in Holy Writ, and not a few Examples in History.

But waving them at present, we shall proceed to a Remarkable one of a fresher Date, which hath filled all Men with amazement near the place where it happen'd, and occasions this our present Discourse.

In the City of Dublin (Metropolis of the Kingdom of Ireland) there Dwelt at the House of one Mr. M — s (a Person of VVorth and Credit, well known to many in this City) a Maid-Servant (whose Name, though it might, perhaps, gratifie some Curious Ear, yet for several Reasons we think convenient to conceal) She had Lived there some time, behaved herself very Industriouslly, and was never (that we hear of) noted for any extraordinary Crimes, on which account she was well Respected as well by her Master and Mistress, as most of the Neighbours thereabouts. However it happened that in the last
week

week of *August* last, or beginning of this present Moneth of *September* a Quarrel chanced to arise, and this *VVench* was charged to have done something (amiss we suppose) which she stoutly denied, and at last after that common (but most wicked) way of avouching Innocency, fell to Imprecations, wishing very solemnly, *That the Devil might Burn her alive if she did it*; what the particular Business in Debate was, we cannot certainly affirm, so various are the Reports of Fame concerning it, but this by the sad Sequel we have cause to fear, That the Maid stood In opposition to Truth, a thing too common among Servants when they have committed some small faults, and are taxed with them, they think to excuse themselves by forged Stories, or to brazen it out with impudent denials; hereby palliating one sin with a greater; For, as the Incomparable *Johnson* saith,

Bad Men Excuse their Faults, Good ones will leave them.

He Acts the third Crime that defends the First;

But to proceed, The *VVench* having by this bold and impious wish satisfied the credulous World, goes about her business, and at Night all the Family very orderly went to Bed, save only she who staid up, 'tis supposed, to wash the Kitchen (In which there had been no fire made all that day, nor in the whole House) But in the Night her Master and Mistress lying in the Chamber over the Kitchen, were Alarm'd with a strange and dismal kind of groaning, which continuing for some time without intermission, caused the Master to rise to satisfy his wonder from whom such heart-breaking Notes should proceed; But no sooner was he got into the Kitchen, but a greater astonishment surprized him; For there, behold! his maid lay not dead, but like one insensible and unable to help her self, with part of her Flesh lying by her burnt off her Arms, which lookt black much like Leather burnt, and all her Body in such an inflammation that one could by no means endure to touch her; There was no Natural Fire near her, nor is there any Flame appears to prejudice her Cloaths; but she still lies wasting by a supernatural Fire in such a strange and dreadful manner, as 'tis thought the like was never seen before.

Her

Her Master amazed at so dismal a Spectacle Summons in several of the Neighbours, who with equal horror behold her, but as soon as their Spirits dissipated with wonder at the strangeness of the Accident began to settle and be Recollected, they concluded to send for some Physicians to see whether their Art could give any satisfactory Account of so unusual a *Phænomenon*, accordingly the Ablest in the City are called, and a Consultation held, but the Wounds inflicted by *Jehovah* are not to be Cured by *Hippocrates*, Art here is puzzled, Nature Non-plucks, and Chymists and Galenists, with all their Elixirs *Arcanums* and wonderful Specifics are equally to seek. In fine, after a tedious debate, and a thousand impertinent guesses, they are forc'd to wind up all their Opinions in a Bottom of Admiration, and cry out, with the *Egyptian Magi*, *Digitus Dei certissime*, 'Tis undoubtedly the Lords doing, and it is wonderful in our eyes.

In the mean time the Deplorable Maiden continues in that most sad and miserable Condition, *Virus alit venis & lento pascitur igne*, in a sense far different from what the Poet meant, she cannot be brought as yet to speak, and seems not to know any Persons that approach her, nor what they say, but appears as one in extremity of Torment, and fills the Air with her repeated Groans, which proceed from her so mournfully as cannot but melt the most stony heart into Tears of Compassion, and Commiseration towards a Creature in so doleful a condition.

She was still alive when we received our last Letters from *Dublin*, but much wasted and 'tis thought (unless God in infinite mercy please to restore her) That her Body will in time wholly consume away. She Lies in *Exchequer Lane* a publick Spectacle to the whole City which almost generally has been to see her, and we heartily pray that they and all others that hear it, may make a right and sanctified use of so eminent a Judgment for Advantage and everlasting Benefit of their Immortal Souls; at least, let none presume to Usurp on Gods Prerogative, who alone has power to pronounce Sentence of Life and Death Eternal. His Judgments are inscrutable the reason of his dealing with Mankind oft-times past finding out.

How

How knowest thou, vain censorious man; but that the all wise and equally merciful God has ordered this wretched Creature to be tormented here, that she might escape torment hereafter, and to pass through a momentary Burning that she might not dwell with everlasting burnings, remember the *Galileans* and men on whom the Tower of *Shiloah* fell, were not the greatest Sinners in *Israel*, leave then thy judging to the most righteous Judge of Heaven and Earth, who always in the midst of his Judgments remembreth mercy, and make this deplorable spectacle thy Looking-Glass, avoid the use of such wicked Imprecations as thou wouldst avoid that dreadful punishment which this poor Creature has endured: never cloak one sin with another, nor think to excuse a rash error by a premeditated Ly; For if thou dost (without sincere and effectual Repentance) thou shalt suffer severely for it either in this world, or (which is infinitely more dreadful) in that which is to come;

FINIS.
